SPECIAL POP FEATURE ★ WHO'S NEW?

see p.15

Look-in

Junior TV Times No. 43 week ending 20 Oct. 1979 Every Thursday 11p

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

BRAND NEW PICTURE STRIP STARTS TODAY
PLUS COLOUR FEATURE AND SUPER COMP!

SPORTS ARENA ● KEVIN REEVES

Your other top picture strips inside:

SAPPHIRE & STEEL ★ FAMOUS FIVE
BIONIC MAN ★ MIND YOUR LANGUAGE
MEET THE SMURFS AND BENNY HILL

A brand new picture-strip story starts this week . . .

BattlestaR GALACTICA™

AFTER THE DEVASTATION OF THE TWELVE COLONIES BY CYLON TREACHERY, A STRAGGLING FLEET OF SURVIVORS QUESTS SPACE IN SEARCH OF SANCTUARY ON THE LEGENDARY THIRTEENTH COLONY, KNOWN ONLY FROM OLD WRITINGS AS– EARTH. AT THE HEAD OF THE FLEET, GIGANTIC GUIDE AND PROTECTOR, CRUISES BATTLESTAR GALACTICA!

Follow the drama next week.

Trouble for Boomer . . !

WHILE LIEUTENANT BOOMER'S VIPER MOUNTS GUARD ON FREIGHTER EIGHTEEN, HALTED WITH ENGINE TROUBLE AND LEFT BEHIND BATTLESTAR GALACTICA'S SURVIVAL FLEET, THE CREW ATTEMPT REPAIRS...

THE OLD HEAP'S BEYOND **OUR** AID. IT'D TAKE A CLASS-A WORKSHOP SATELLITE AND A TEAM OF MECHANOIDS!

THE CREWMEN HEAD BACK FOR THE AIRLOCK...

ALL RADIO SYSTEMS GONE, CAPTAIN HEFFREN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER USES THE AGE-OLD SIGNALLING SYSTEM TO CONTACT LIEUTENANT BOOMER...

GLUMLY, THE CAPTAIN—HEFFREN—RECEIVES THEIR REPORT...

IT'S GONNA MEAN EVACUATION SKIPPER.

YEAH. GET ON THE LAMP TO OUR WATCHDOG, NUMBER ONE.

COME IN, GALACTICA CONTROL. EIGHTEEN REQUESTS TRANSFER TO RECOVERY VEHICLE. FIVE CREW, FOUR HUNDRED REFUGEES...

OKAY, WE'LL USE THE SCARABS.

I'LL CHECK THE COMPUTER TO SEE HOW WE CAN DISTRIBUTE THOSE PEOPLE ROUND THE FLEET, ADAMA.

SUDDENLY, BOOMER'S VOICE TAKES ON A NEW URGENCY!

OH OH! **COMPANY!**

Why does he want him kept alive? See next week.

The Cylons board the crippled freighter . . .

Why didn't they? Find out next week.

The Scarabs go to Freighter Eighteen's aid . . .

CRIPPLED, FREIGHTER EIGHTEEN HAS BEEN LEFT FAR BEHIND GALACTICA'S SURVIVAL FLEET. BLUE SQUADRON HAS BEATEN OFF A CYLON FIGHTER ATTACK, BUT IT SEEMS THAT CYLONS, IN THE MEANTIME, HAVE BEEN ABOARD THE HELPLESS SHIP!

CAPTAIN APOLLO TO GALACTICA CONTROL! WHERE ARE THOSE SCARABS?

ON THE BATTLESTAR, COMMANDER ADAMA IS IN COOL, CALM CONTROL...

ABOUT TO LAUNCH. THERE'S A DOCTOR AND A MEDIC OUTFIT ABOARD THE LEADER. WHAT ABOUT THE FOUR HUNDRED REFUGEES ON EIGHTEEN, CAPTAIN?

WHO KNOWS? THE FREIGHTER'S RADIO'S NON-OPERATIVE, REMEMBER. THE CYLONS COULD'VE MASSACRED THE LOT...

SCARABS — GALACTICA'S SHUTTLE-FORCE — LEAVE THE MOTHER SHIP.

THEY FIND THE REFUGEES OF FREIGHTER THIRTEEN UNHARMED... AND EVACUATION BEGINS...

THE MEDICAL TEAM REACH THE BRIDGE...

CAPTAIN HEFFREN GOT LUCKY. THEY KILLED ALL HIS CREW. MUST'VE THOUGHT THEY'D BEATEN HIS BRAINS OUT!

HE'LL LIVE, DOC?

AIN'T NEVER LOST A PATIENT YET, SON. GIVE ME A HAND, HUH?

Follow the drama next week.

Boxey's gone missing . . .

AT THE HEAD OF THE VAST FLEET OF SURVIVAL SHIPS QUESTING SPACE AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TWELVE COLONIES, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA IS SAFE IN ITS ENORMOUS, MAJESTIC IMPREGNABILITY...

GREEN SQUADRON LAUNCHED ON CONVOY PATROL!

THE ATMOSPHERE ON THE COMMAND DECK IS RELAXED...

SAY, FATHER — SEEN ANYTHING OF BOXEY?

YOU OUGHT TO CALL ME COMMANDER ADAMA WHEN I'M ON DUTY, CAPTAIN APOLLO.

OKAY, DAD BUT THE QUESTION STILL STANDS.

HE COULD BE DOWN WITH STARBUCK ON THE STANDBY WATCH. THE KID LIKES THE WAY OUR POKER-KING PLAYS CARDS!

BUT NO...

BOXEY? NOT HERE, CAP

HE COULD BE PLAYING WITH THAT MECHANICAL DAGGIT YOU MADE FOR HIM, APOLLO.

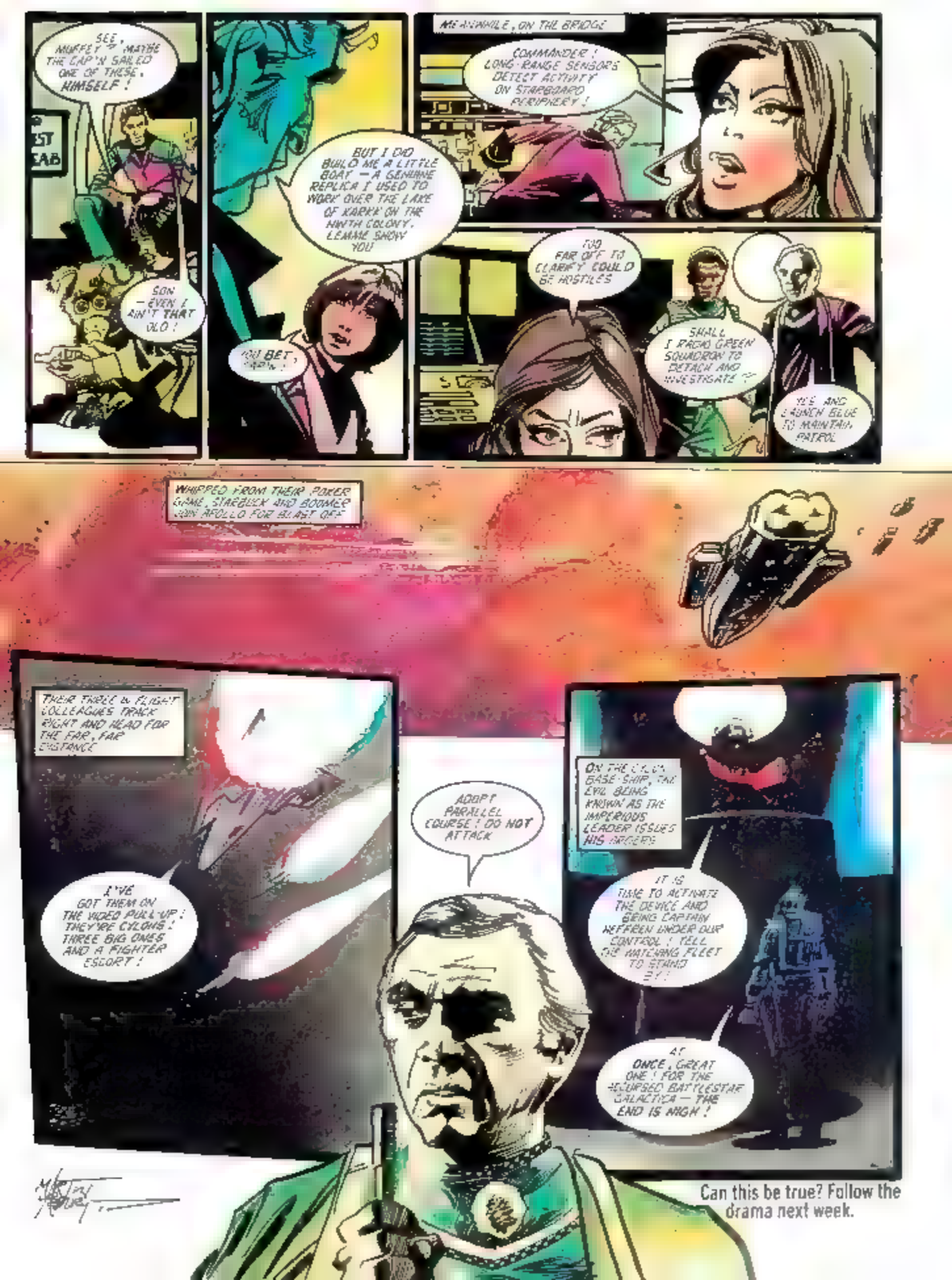
HAYYYY! MUFFEY'S A REAL PERSON, CASSIOPEA! BEATS ANY ORDINARY DAGGIT HANDS DOWN!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOOMER. ONLY THING HE DOESN'T DO, IS EAT BONES!

IN FACT, BOXEY AND HIS DROID PET ARE WITH CAPTAIN HEFFREN, SOLE SURVIVOR OF A CYLON ATTACK THAT WIPED OUT A FREIGHTER'S CREW...

GEE, THAT'S NEAT! AND THE SKIL GOES BACK HOW MANY YEARS?

THOUSANDS... TO THE TIME WHEN MEN SAILED ON FAR-OFF PLANETS, ON LONG-FORGOTTEN SEAS. I READ ABOUT IT IN HISTORY BOOKS.



Can this be true? Follow the drama next week.

The Grand Plan commences!

LEADING THE VAST SURVIVAL FLEET OF SHIPS FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TWELVE COLONIES, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA SENDS THREE VIPERS OF THE GREEN SQUADRON TO KEEP TABS ON A CYLON ATTACK FORCE, DISTANTLY SIGHTED ON THE OUTER STARBOARD PERIPHERY OF THEIR ESTABLISHED COURSE.

IF THEY VEER TOWARDS US, ATTACK. OTHERWISE, STAY COOL! WHAT DO YOU THINK, COLONEL TIGH?

THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST WATCHING, COMMANDER.

WATCHING — AND WAITING. ON HIS BASE-SHIP, THE IMPERIOUS LEADER, LORD OF ALL THE CYLONS, HAS ISSUED HIS INSTRUCTIONS!

LET CAPTAIN HEFFREN BE BROUGHT UNDER OUR CONTROL! LET THE GRAND PLAN COMMENCE!

HOSTILES MAINTAINING ATTITUDE! NO DEVIATION, SIR!

HEFFREN — RESCUED FROM A STRICKEN FREIGHTER AFTER A CYLON ATTACK. A MAN UNAWARE THAT WITHIN HIS BODY, HE CARRIES A MICROSCOPIC DEVICE IMPLANTED BY HYPODERMIC INJECTION!

UHHH! GOT — GOT SUDDEN HEADACHE! BETTER LEAVE ME, BOY!

SURE, CAP'N! SURE! MUFFEY AN' ME — WE'LL COME BACK LATER. WANT I SHOULD SEND THE DOC?

NO — NO. IT'LL PASS! SORRY, KID SORRY

YOU TAKE CARE, YOU HEAR?

AS BOXEY, CAPTAIN APOLLO'S ADOPTED BOY, AND HIS PET DOGGIT, MUFFEY, LEAVE

I-I HEAR YOU, MASTER! I AM READY TO OBEY!

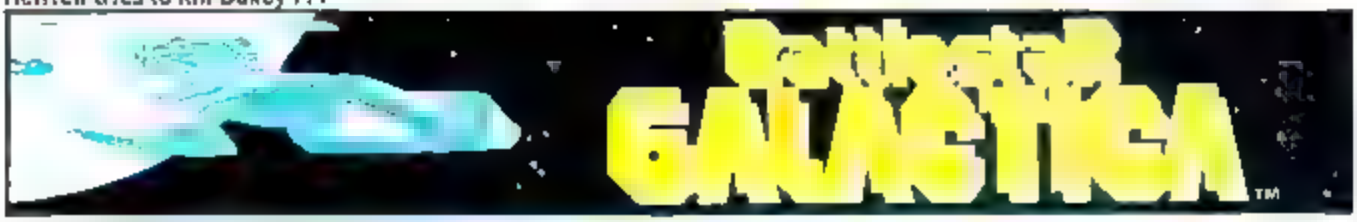
YOU WILL GO TO THE MAIN FUEL ROOM YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS. YOU WILL BE AMIABLE TO THE GUARDS THERE

More drama next week!

Battlestar GALACTICA™
AS BATTLESTAR GALACTICA COASTS THROUGH SPACE AT THE HEAD OF THE MASSIVE SURVIVAL FLEET FROM THE DEVASTATED TWELVE COLONIES, VIPER SQUADRON GREEN IS SMASHED BY A CONCERTED ATTACK FROM THE EVER-WATCHFUL CYLON ENEMY!
GOD! MACKAY'S DOWN!
CYLON RAIDER TO CYLON PACK! ALERT! REINFORCEMENTS ASTERN!
BOOMER ON LEFT! STARBUCK RIGHT! I'LL TAKE THE CENTRE!
BLUE SQUADRON BORES IN, AND CAPTAIN APOLLO PICKS HIS FIRST TARGET!
THAT'S FOR MAC, YOU MURDEROUS DEVIL!
LIEUTENANT BOOMER THROWS A CLEVER FEINT AND TWO MORE CYLONS COLLIDE!
CYLON BASE SHIP, THE [illegible] ABANDONS THE ATTACK.
CALL THEM OFF! THE ACTION HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE. THOSE ON GALACTICA WILL HAVE BEEN KEPT BUSY ENOUGH!

What has happened to him? See next week.

Heffren tries to kill Boxey . . .



UNDER CYLON CONTROL, CAPTAIN HEFFREN — MASTER OF AN ABANDONED FREIGHTER — HAS BEEN BROUGHT ABOARD BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, FLAGSHIP OF THE SURVIVAL FLEET FROM THE DEVASTATED TWELVE COLONIES. HIS MISSION, TO DESTROY GALACTICA BY INTERFERENCE WITH THE DELICATE TYLIUM FUEL-INJECTION BALANCE, IS HINDERED BY YOUNG BOXEY AND HIS DOGGIT PET, MUFFEY...

N-NO! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'RE MY FRIEND... DON'T YOU REMEMBER...?

KILL. MUST KILL! IT IS ORDERED.

NOW BOXEY TRIPS!

UGGGH!

BOMP...

ROUGH HANDS REACH DOWN FOR THE BOY'S THROAT!

I OBEY — THE CYLON — COMMAND...

BUT ALERTED BY A ROUTINE TIMEDSITUATION FLASH-OUT FROM THE FUEL-ROOM...

ATHENA SAID SHE HEARD BOXEY SCREAM!

BUT WHAT IN THUNDER...? WHY DIDN'T THE GUARDS REPORT?

THERE'S THE ANSWER TO THAT!

COMMANDER! THE BOY...

COMMANDER ADAMA KNEELS BY THE SENSELESS LAD...

GET THE DUTY MEDICS HERE, COLONEL TIGH. AND HAVE THE STANDBY GUARDS TAKE OVER. ON SECOND THOUGHTS DOUBLE IT.

IS HE OKAY?

Follow the drama next week.

A search for Heffren is launched . . .

EAGER TO DESTROY BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, FLAGSHIP OF THE SURVIVAL FLEET FLEEING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TWELVE COLONIES, THE CYLONS HAVE PLANTED A CONTROL DEVICE IN CAPTAIN HEFFREN, MASTER OF AN ABANDONED FREIGHTER. HEFFREN FAILS IN HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO SABOTAGE THE TYLIUM FUEL ROOM...

CAN YOU TELL US THE FACTS, BOXEY?

IT WAS MY PAL, CAPTAIN HEFFREN, COMMANDER! HE-HE TRIED TO KILL ME! HE WAS LIKE A ZOMBIE!

CAPTAIN APOLLO, BOXEY'S ADOPTED FATHER...

YOU DIDN'T EXPECT IT, SON...?

NO! HE WAS A NICE MAN! HE TOLD ME STORIES! TOLD ME HOW TO MAKE THINGS! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

SEEMS CLEAR TO ME. HEFFREN WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF A CYLON ATTACK. THEY GOT AT HIM. HE'S A PLANT.

YOU MUST BE RIGHT. BUT WHERE IS HE?

AN INCH-BY-INCH SEARCH OF GALACTICA WOULD TAKE WEEKS...

WOW! THAT'S IT! HE'LL FIND THE CAPTAIN!

MUFFEY WAS BUILT HERE. I RECKON THE CABBIT COULD BE PROGRAMMED TO ACT LIKE A TRACKER. REACT TO SCENT...

COMMANDER ADAMA AGREES. BUT HIS MIND IS EVEN MORE ALERT THAN THE OTHERS. THAT'S WHY HE'S THE LEADER!

SEEMS TO ME THAT THE CYLONS KEPT US BUSY WITH AN ATTACK WHILE THEY GOT HEFFREN TO TRY HIS SABOTAGE. TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME...

©1979 Universal City Studios Inc. All rights reserved
TM Battlestar Galactica is a trademark of Universal City Studios Inc.

Follow the drama next week.

The hunt for Heffren continues . . .

ON COMMANDER ADAMA'S ORDERS BLUE AND RED VIPER SQUADRONS CONTINUE THEIR MISSION OF HARRASSMENT...

APOLLO TO ALL VIPERS! SCANNERS INDICATE HOSTILE AT GAMMA ONE-THIRTY, RANGE SIXTEEN, AND CLOSING FAST!

THE OTHER PILOTS LOOK-IN VIDEO-PROBES...

I'VE GOT IT! HEY— IT'S A CYLON SHIP I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE! IT LOOKS KIND OF FORMIDABLE...

Follow the drama next week.

Heffren is knocked unconscious by Adama . . .

THE CYLONS IMPLANT FREIGHTER CAPTAIN HEFFREN WITH A CONTROLLING DEVICE IN ORDER TO MAKE HIM DESTROY GALACTICA, FLAGSHIP OF THE TWELVE COLONIES' SURVIVAL FLEET. BUT THANKS TO YOUNG BOXEY, THE RUSE IS DISCOVERED IN TIME! NOW, WHILE BLUE AND RED VIPER SQUADRONS KEEP THE CYLONS BUSY, COMMANDER ADAMA KAYOES THE UNWITTING ENEMY DUPE

THE MAN IS PUSHED TO THE BATTLESTAR'S SURGERY

GEE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD HIT LIKE THAT COMMANDER!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, SON BUT AT LEAST POOR HEFFREN'S TEMPORARILY FREE FROM CYLON INFLUENCE!

THERE'S THE DEVICE. THE HOLOGRAPHIC SCANNER SHOWS IT CLEARLY

RIGHT AT THE BASE OF THE BRAIN. TRICKY.

IT'LL TAKE ABOUT AN HOUR TO RECOVER IT, COMMANDER

OKAY LET'S HOPE APOLLO AND THE OTHERS CAN KEEP THE CYLONS OCCUPIED THAT LONG!

BUT THE SIX VIPERS OF BLUE AND RED ARE FINDING THEIR WORK CUT OUT! A CYLON SHIP OF FORMIDABLE DESIGN HAS BEEN LAUNCHED AGAINST THEM!

MAINTAIN LINE-ASTERN FORMATION! WE'LL ATTACK FROM THE REAR!

What can Captain Apollo do now? Don't miss next week's incredible instalment!

The Vipers are in dire trouble . . .

Will Adama's plan work? See next week.

Captain Heffren is free of Cylon control . . .

A PENETRATION-BEAM CARRIES A CHAIN-REACTION MISSILE INTO THE VITALS OF THE ENEMY—AND WITH IT, THE DOCTORED CYLON DEVICE...

IT'S A SCORE! STAND BY TO TAKE ME BACK ABOARD, COMMANDER!

LED TO BELIEVE THAT THE DEVICE IS STILL WITHIN CAPTAIN HEFFREN'S HEAD, THE IMPERIOUS LEADER OF THE CYLONS GIVES THE ULTIMATE COMMAND FROM HIS BASE-SHIP!

YOU HAVE REACHED THEIR FUEL STORE, HEFFREN! NOW, SLAVE—**DESTROY** YOURSELF AND WITH YOU THEIR FUEL AND ALL OF GALACTICA!

MENTAL IMPULSES CHANGE TO ELECTRICAL ONES! THE DEVASTATING EXPLOSION TAKES PLACE! BUT **NOT** ABOARD GALACTICA...

TERRIBLE NEWS IMPERIOUS LEADER...!

WE HAVE BEEN **TRICKED!**

CURSE THEM! CURSE THEM **ALL!**

WHILE ON THE BRIDGE OF GALACTICA...

THEY'LL TRY AGAIN—NO DOUBT OF IT. BUT AT LEAST WE'RE FREE OF THE CYLONS FOR A **TIME...**

LEAVING CHAOS IN THEIR WAKE, GALACTICA AND HER TRAIN OF SURVIVAL CRAFT MOVE INTO HYPER-DRIVE...

Follow Battlestar Galactica on their journey next week.